THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM.

PART THE THIRD.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A POEM.

BY ONE OF HIS MAJESTY's JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.

PART THE THIRD.

LONDON:
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TO

THOMAS SMITH, M. D.

OF WRINGTON,

IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

THIS LAST OF THE LITTLE POEMS,

INTENDED TO CULTIVATE,

IN THE PROVINCIAL ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE,

THAT HUMANITY

BY WHICH HE IS SO AMIABLY DISTINGUISHED,

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

MOST AFFECTIONATE

AND

MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

TO

THOMAS SMITH, M.D.

OF WARING TOWN,

IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

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THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Deprædation.

O, No! Sir John—the Muſe's gentle Art
Lives not to blemiſh, but to mend the Heart.
While Gay's brave Robber grieves Us for his Fate,
We hold the Harpies of his Life in Hate.
Ingenuous Youth, by Nature's Voice addreſt,
Finds not the harden'd, but the feeling Breaſt;

Can

Can form no Wiſh the dire Effects to prove
Of lawleſs Valour, or of venal Love,
Approves the Fondneſs of the faithful Maid,
And mourns a generous Paſſion unrepaid.

Yet would I praiſe the pious Zeal that ſaves
Imperial London from her World of Knaves;
Yet would I count it no inglorious Strife
To ſcourge the Peſts of Property and Life.

Come then, long ſkill'd in Theft's illuſive Ways,
Lord of the Clue that thrids her mighty Maze!
Together let Us beat all Giles's Fields,
Try what the Night-Houſe, what the Round-Houſe yields,
Hang when we muſt, be candid when we pleaſe,
But leave no Bawd, unlicens'd, at her Eaſe.

Say

Say firſt, of Thieves above, or Thieves below,
What can we order till their Haunts we know?
Far from St. James's let your Nimrods ſtray,
But ſtop and call at Stephen's in their way.
That ancient Victualler, we've been told, of late,
Has kept bad Hours, encourag'd high Debate;
That thoſe without ſtill pelting thoſe within,
Have ſtunn'd the peaceful Neighbours with their Din;
That if you cloſe his private Walls inveſt,
'Tis odds, you meet with ſome unruly Gueſt—
Good Lord, Sir John, how would the People ſtare,
To ſee the preſent and the late Lord-Mayor*
Bow to the Majeſty of Bow-Street Chair!

Illuſtrious Chiefs! can I your Haunts paſs by,
Nor give my long-lov'd Liberty a ſigh?

* This was written during the late Mayoralty.

That heavenly Plant which long unblemiſh'd blew,
Diſhonour'd only, only hurt by You!
Diſhonour'd, when with harden'd Front you claim
To Deeds of Darkneſs her diviner Name!
For You grim LICENCE ſtrove with Hydra Breath
To ſpread the Blaſts of Peſtilence and Death:
Here for poor Vice, for dark Ambition there
She ſcatter'd Poiſon thro' the ſocial Air,

Yet here, in vain—Oh, had her Toil been vain,
When with black Wing She ſwept the Weſtern Main;
When with low Labour, and inſidious Art,
She tore a Daughter from her Parent's Heart!

Oh, Patriots, ever Patriots out of Place,
Fair Honour's Foil, and Liberty's Diſgrace!

With Spleen I ſee your wild Illuſions ſpread
Thro' the long Region of a Land miſled;
See Commerce ſink, ſee Cultivation's Charms
Loſt in the Rage of Anarchy and Arms!

And Thou, O Ch----m, once a Nation's Pride,
Borne on the brighteſt Wave of Glory's Tide!
Haſt Thou the Parent ſpurn'd, the erring Child
With Proſpects vain to Ruin's Arms beguil'd?
Haſt Thou the Plans of dire Defection prais'd
For the poor Pleaſure of a Statue rais'd?

Oh, Patriots, ever Patriots out of Place,
From Charles quite graceleſs, up to Grafton's Grace!

Where Forty-five once mark'd the dirty Door,
And the chain'd Knife* invites the paltry whore;

* Chained to the Table, to prevent Depredations.

Tho' far, methinks, the choiceſt Gueſts are fled,
And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the Dead,
Wilkes, who in Death would Friendſhip's Vows fulfill,
True to his Cauſe, and dines with Humphrey ſtill--
Where ſculks each dark, where roams each deſperate Wight,
Owls of the Day and Vultures of the Night,---
Shall we, O Knight, with cruel Pains explore,
Clear theſe low Walks, and think the Buſineſs o'er?
No---much, alas! for You, for me remains,
Where Juſtice ſleeps, and Deprædation reigns.

Wrapt in kind Darkneſs, You no Spleen betray,
When the gilt Nabob lacqueys all the Way:
Harmleſs to You his Towers, his Foreſts riſe,
That ſwell with Anguiſh my indignant Eyes;
While in thoſe Towers raz'd Villages I ſee,
And Tears of Orphans watering every Tree.

Are theſe Mock-Ruins that invade my View?
Theſe are the Entrails of the poor Gentoo.
That Column's trophied Baſe his Bones ſupply;
That Lake the Tears that ſwell'd his ſable Eye!
Let here, O Knight, their Steps terrific ſteer
Thy HUE AND CRY, and looſe thy Bloodhounds here.

Oh, MERCY, thron'd on his Eternal Breaſt,
Who breath'd the ſavage Waters into reſt;
By each ſoft Pleaſure that thy Boſom ſmote,
When firſt Creation ſtarted from his Thought;
By each warm Tear that melted o'er thine Eye,
When on his Works was written THESE MUST DIE!
If ſecret Slaughter yet, nor cruel War
Have from theſe mortal Regions forc'd Thee far,

Still to our Follies, to our Frailties blind,
Oh, ſtretch thy healing Wings o'er Human Kind!
---For Them I aſk not, hoſtile to thy Sway,
Who calmly on a Brother's Vitals prey;
For Them I plead not, who, in Blood embrued,
Have every ſofter Sentiment ſubdued.

Priſons.

Yet, gentle Power, thy Abſence I bewail;
When ſeen the dank, dark Regions of a Gaol;
When found alike in Chains and Night enclos'd,
The Thief detected, and the Thief ſuppos'd!
Sure, the fair Light and the ſalubrious Air
Each YET-SUSPECTED Priſoner might ſhare.
---To lie, to languiſh in ſome dreary Cell,
Some loathed Hold, where Guilt and Horror dwell,

Ere

Ere yet the Truth of ſeeming Facts be tried,
Ere yet their Country's ſacred Voice decide,
Britain, behold thy Citizens expos'd,
And bluſh to think the Gothic Age uncles'd!

Filiation.

Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to raze
That Peſt of James's Puritanic Days,
The ſavage Law * that barb'rouſly ordains
FOR FEMALE VIRTUE LOST A FELON'S PAINS!---
Dooms the poor Maiden, as her Fate ſevere,
To Toil and Chains a long-enduring Year.

Th' unnatural Monarch, to the Sex unkind,
An Owl obſcene, in Learning's Sunſhine blind!
Councils of Pathics, Cabinets of Tools,
Benches of Knaves, and Parliaments of Fools!

* 7 I. C. 4.

Fanatic

Fanatic Fools, that, in thoſe Twilight Times,
With wild Religion cloak'd the worſt of Crimes!—
Hope we from ſuch a Crew, in ſuch a Reign,
For equal Laws, or Policy humane?

Here, then, O JUSTICE, thy own Power forbear;
The ſole Protector of th' unpitied Fair.
Tho' long intreat the ruthleſs Overſeer;
Tho' the loud Veſtry teize thy tortur'd Ear;
Tho' all to Acts, to Precedents appeal,
Mute be thy Pen, and vacant reſt thy Seal.

Yet ſhalt Thou know, nor is the Difference nice,
The caſual Fall from Impudence of Vice.
Abandon'd Guilt by active Laws reſtrain,
But pauſe..... if Virtue's ſlighteſt Spark remain.

Left

Left to the ſhameleſs Laſh, the hard'ning Gaol,
The faireſt Thoughts of Modeſty would fail.

The down-caſt Eye, the Tear that flows amain,
As if to aſk her Innocence again;
The plaintive Babe, that ſlumbering ſeem'd to lie
On her ſoft Breaſt, and wakes at the heav'd Sigh;
The Cheek that wears the beauteous Robe of Shame;
How loth They leave a gentle Breaſt to blame!

Here, then, O JUSTICE, thy own Power forbear;—
The ſole Protector of th' unpitied Fair!

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END of the POEM.

Left to the flimsicks Lash, the hardning Cool,
The finest Thoughts of Modesty would fail.

The down-cast Eye, the Tear that flows amain,
As if to ask her Innocence again;
The plaintive Babe, that slumbering seem'd to lie
On her for Bread, and wakes at the heav'd Sigh;
The Cheek that wears the beauteous Robe of Shame;
How loth They leave a gentle Breast to blame!

Here, then, O Justice, thy own Power forbear;—
The sole Protector of th' unpitied Fair!

E N D of the P O E M.

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